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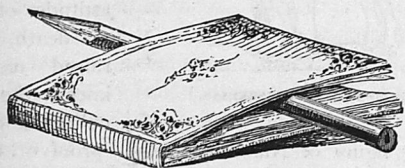
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largest number of pupils of any branch organization. A society of 250 members has been developed in Buffalo since January—this, however, appearing to be an independent organization. Its course embraces an extensive range of decorative art, employing ten teachers, and affording instruction to twenty-two classes. All of these new societies are rapidly educating the public in art industry so far as they go, and their advantages are very apparent.

By the present ambition of the society, it bids fair to become an institution of another character than that assumed at the commencement. The indications now are that the president, Mrs. Lane, and the managers will probably allow their minds little rest until, from this origin, has been developed a complete school of design. This high purpose will, without any doubt, attain fulfilment at no very distant time. An art director has already been sent for, who will come from England to take charge of the classes, it being desirable to make designs an important branch of instruction. There is at present not room enough at the disposal of the society to carry out such a plan; the raising of means is therefore contemplated for the extending of the premises so as to admit of a studio for the art director, and provide sufficient accommodation for the classes. It is believed that the want is very great for a regular art school of the kind proposed. The treasury of the society is not empty, and perhaps no association has better means at command for increasing its resources. So it should not be surprising if the nobler institution rises some day like an exhalation contributing to the general advancement of healthful art industry in the community.



My Note Book.

BUT few persons, I presume, know the reason why Meissonier's "1807," described in the July number of this magazine, was not exhibited at the great exhibition in Paris last year. The story has not hitherto been told in print, I believe. While Mr. A. T. Stewart was negotiating for the purchase of the picture—he paid three hundred thousand francs for it—there was one point on which buyer and seller could not agree. Meissonier insisted upon the painting being sent over to Paris for the great exhibition. Mr. Stewart objected, for when the picture should be brought back to America he would have to pay new duties or other expenses he did not wish to incur. While the negotiations were thus pending, the great dry goods merchant started for Grenoble to lay in his stock of kid gloves. He accidentally heard there that Meissonier had made arrangements to show his picture during the following week to the President of the French Republic, and to the grand dignitaries of state who had accepted an invitation to visit his studio. Mr. Stewart immediately telegraphed to the artist: "I take picture on your named conditions; ship at once to New York." Back came a telegram requesting a delay of a week. The purchaser was inexorable, but at last consented to grant the delay on the understanding that the clause in the contract about the Paris Exhibition should be omitted. And this is how it happened that "1807" did not go to Paris in 1879.

Some one sends me the following as a companion picture to "Boucicault's Decameron," and vouches for its truth: The only medallion portrait which the decorators of Booth's Theatre have placed on the drop curtain is that of Boccaccio. One of our wealthy politicians, after seeing Mr. Boucicault in "Arrah-na-Pogue," met him in the lobby and exclaimed: "Well, Mr. Boucicault, I must say I don't think much of that likeness of you on the drop!"

There is some talk about introducing the electric light at the next New York Exhibition of the Academy. With our ladies, who, we all know, apply their skill in decorative art to the objects on their easels instead of their faces, there could, of course, be no objection to this; but it is said that certain Parisian beauties, whose

artistic talents are devoted solely to the manipulation of their own complexions, find, under the glare of the electric light, their form of art displayed in colors altogether too obtrusive. The different cosmetics show up their chemical properties in the cold but searching artificial light which has the effect of intensifying the natural grays of the skin proper. But, as I said before, this objection of course can have no weight so far as American women are concerned.

The Washington Post, which in the summer months has a tendency to become an illustrated journal, treats its readers to an engraving of a new design for the Washington Monument. The shaft—which it is proposed shall be a continuation of the present lop-sided affair—ends in a pyramidal top, 530 feet from the ground, and there is a series of elaborate terraces at the base. The monument looks like a compromise between a Roman candle and a hitching-post. As the former, it might be serviceable as a perennial reminder of the Fourth of July, and so keep alive a spirit of patriotism among the pyrotechnic-loving youth of the capital. It is for the latter purpose, however, that it is better suited, I am inclined to think. It would be an excellent advertisement for Mr. Stilson Hutchins's paper, the name of which it could, with perfect propriety, be made to bear. Indeed, my advice to Mr. Hutchins is—he will, I trust, pardon the liberty I take—to buy the whole affair as it stands; engrave on it in colossal letters of gold, "The Washington Post—a good post to hitch to," and surmount it with a statue of the only man who has ever succeeded in establishing a morning newspaper in the national capital.

Speaking of statues, what a charming collection of them we have in Central Park! There is Fitz-Greene Halleck, for example, who will go down to posterity seated in the most remarkable of arm-chairs, to which, Laocoon-like, he is tied by the folds of a snaky drapery. Notice the idiotic expression of the face, and how ingeniously the head is connected with the body by a short piece of stove-pipe. Such a wonderful production could not be duplicated in a lifetime. The sculptor may well be proud of it, and engrave his name on the front of the plinth. Such artists as Pradier and Canova usually signed their names on the backs of their works. But none of them ever produced such a marvel as the Fitz-Greene Halleck statue.

Then there is that remarkable bronze of Daniel Webster, which, from the back, looks like a cross between a black-beetle and an iron-clad. The gentleman who presented it to the city honestly believes that it is a wonderful work of art, and it is said he rides around it every day to be sure that no one has stolen it.

Excepting "The Falconer," the two most artistic statues in Central Park represent members of the brute creation, and are deserving of much better positions than those assigned to them. The tigress bringing a peacock to her cubs is really a masterpiece. It was executed for the Paris Exhibition of 1867 by Auguste Cain, son-in-law of P. J. Mène, the well-known modeler of horses and dogs. His studio at the time was in an unoccupied part of Barbedienne's factory, on the ground floor. Two little lion cubs were brought to the studio as models, from the circus. They belonged to a clown who had bought them from Batty, the lion-tamer. Every day they came in a "fiacre," being in charge of a large poodle dog, who, at a sign from his master, would catch them by the ear, as they were racing around the studio, and pin them down to work. Some American gentlemen were being shown the factory one day, and looked in on Cain's unfinished statue; they bought it at once, and the bronze was cast in Barbedienne's foundry.

The other group are the eagles by Fratin. Fratin was the predecessor of Mène and Cain, and perhaps the originator of the fashion of modeling small animals for bronze. He made candlesticks with bears and monkeys balancing each other on chairs and drums, and performing all kinds of antics.

That bright paper, Progress, is shocked, as it well may be, at the cool disregard of Sarah Bernhardt for the customs of society. "Yet nobody questions her," says the writer, "though she leans on the arm of her son, whose father never went with her to church, and she talks of her daughters, who are not full sisters to

her son." "Strangest of all," he adds, "the word now is that Sarah is to be married." That is not so strange. I suppose she finds her family getting so large that a head to the household has become a necessity.

I am somewhat puzzled by the announcement of The London Athenæum that "General Outram, who has had his services commemorated by a statue on the Thames embankment, is to have his life written by Sir Francis Goldsmid;" for the baronet has been dead for some time.

The Countess de Paiva, whose marvelously-appointed mansion in the Champs Elysées is described by Mr. Frédéric Voss on another page, has a history, some points of which will be read with interest in this country, to which, it will be seen, she is no stranger. A Russian by birth, and of humble extraction, she began life as a cook. She was very beautiful—a blonde rather above the average height. Being gifted with an exceptional taste for music, she found time to cultivate the gift, and was soon heard of as a pianist playing with Henry Hertz in his concerts. A year later she accompanied him to England, and from there notice of their marriage was sent to all his Parisian clientèle. They returned to the French capital, where she did the honors at his receptions, which became extremely fashionable, being attended by men of such position as M. Guizot, and M. Rambuteau, then Prefect of the Department of the Seine. The indulgence of the lady's extravagant tastes, however, soon drained Hertz's exchequer, and the pair set out for the United States on a concert tour to recuperate. While in this country the lady discovered that her supposed marriage had been nothing but a sham, and she left the man who had betrayed her. She remained for a time in New York, and then went to Canada. There she met the Count de Paiva, a young Portuguese of immense wealth and distinguished birth. He fell in love with her, and they were married. His family, on hearing of the union, was much incensed, and offered the Countess a million francs if she would consent to leave him and relinquish his name. She agreed, but, through some mismanagement on the part of the lawyers of the Count, she was permitted to get the million without relinquishing her right to the title. She returned to Paris, where she greatly increased her fortune by speculations in stocks and real estate, in which fortunate enterprises the public gave her the Duke de Morny as a partner. She then captivated a German prince, who first presented to her the magnificent "Chateau de Pontchartrain," near Rambouillet, with all the grounds pertaining to it, and then built for her the splendid palace in the Champs Elysées. Though no longer young, she was still very fascinating, and was gifted to an extraordinary degree with taste in matters of art. While she was in the apogee of her notoriety, a younger brother of the Viscount de Paiva was the Portuguese ambassador in Paris. He was so annoyed by the frequency with which the woman was mistaken for his wife—for she has never relinquished the title—that he got himself transferred to Berlin. There, however, the same reports followed him, and at last, unable to endure the mortification of having his name habitually associated with hers, he committed suicide.

Apropos of the successes of American painters abroad, it occurs to me that if we could only know of the failures of our countrymen and countrywomen, who cross the ocean to follow the profession of art, they would be found to outweigh by far the few individual cases of prosperity we hear of.

I was told the other day of one of these failures—a distressingly sad story. Miss Kate Cameron, of Chicago, an artist of much promise—in the face of strenuous opposition from her relatives—went to Paris five years ago determined to make her way or die. She struggled bravely there for five years, and—died. Died of starvation! Too proud to let her friends know how poor she really was, the heroic girl, unaided and alone, kept up the fight for existence until at last nature conquered, and she succumbed. She was missed by her companions for some days. A search was made, and she was found in a wretched apartment devoid of every thing necessary to sustain life. Her friends, terribly shocked—for they had no idea of the degree of her poverty—took charge of her and tried to restore her. But it was too late. The trials of the poor struggling artist were at an end.

MONTEZUMA.